

Music

In Recital

Sarah Toane, soprano

with

Jessica Robertson, piano

Monday, November 16, 2009 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta

Program

Rêve d'Amour	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Beau Soir	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Die Nacht Zueignung	Johann Strauss (1864-1949)
From <i>The Tender Land</i> Laurie's Entrance	Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Oh! take him gently from the pile	John Eccles (1668-1735)

At this time we will take a brief five minute intermission

From <i>Les Amants Trahis</i> Echo! combien de fois aije su vous instruire Des faveurs dont amour Ma bergère a trahi sa foi; Ne finirez vous point de si honteux regrets? Quand une volage beauté D'un tender amour brise la chaîne	Jean-Phillipe Rameau (1683-1764)
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Jacques Arsenault, baritone
Kelly Kim, harpsichord

From <i>La Bohème</i> Quando men vo	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
Quatro madrigales amatorio ¿Con qué la lavaré? Vos me matásteis ¿De dónde venís, amore? De los álamos vengo, madre	Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Toane.

Translations

Rêve d'Amour

(Dream of Love)

If there is a charming lawn
that the heaven waters,
where in every season is born
some blossoming flower,
where one gathers whole handfuls
of lily, honeysuckle and jasmine,
I want to make of it the path
where your foot may step.

If there is a loving breast,
that is ruled by honour,
whose tender devotion
has nothing morose about it,
if that noble breast always
beats for a worthy goal,
I want to make of it the cushion
where your forehead may rest.

If there is a dream of love
scented with a rose,
where everyday is found
some sweet thing,
a dream that god blesses,
in which one soul unites with another,
oh! I want to make of it the nest
where your heart may rest.

Beau Soir

(Beautiful Evening)

When in the setting sun the rivers are rose,
and when a warm rustle of breeze
crosses the wheat fields
a counsel to be happy seems to come
forth from all things
and ascend to the fearful heart;
a counsel to relish the charm of being in this world
while one is young and while the evening is beautiful,
for we all are going away as this wave goes away
it to the sea, we to the grave!

Die Nacht

(The Night)

Out of the woods treads night,
out of the trees she gently steals
she looks around in a wide circle
now be careful

All the lights of this world,
all flowers, all colours
she erases and she steals the sheaves
away from the field

She takes everything, whatsoever is lovely,
takes the silver away from the river,
takes from the copper roof of the cathedrals
away the gold.

The shrub stands plundered;
come closer, soul to soul,
oh the night, I am afraid, she steals
you from me, too.

Zueignung

(Devotion)

Ah you know it dear soul
that, far from you, I languish,
love causes hearts to ache
to you my thanks!

Once drinking to freedom,
I raised my amethyst cup
and you blessed the drink
to you my thanks!

You exorcised the evil spirits in it,
so that I, as never before
cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast
to you my thanks!

The Tender Land – Laurie's Entrance

Once I thought I'd never grow tall as this fence
Time dragged heavy and slow
But April came and August went before I knew just what
they meant
And little by little I grew
And as I grew I came to know how fast the time could go

Once I thought I'd never go outside this fence
This space was plenty for me
But I walked down the road one day and just what hap-
pened I can't say
And little by little it came to be
That line between the earth and sky came beckoning to me

Now the time has grown so short, the world has grown so
wide
I'll be graduated soon. Eh am I strange inside?

What makes me think I'd like to try to go down all those
roads beyond that line
Above the earth and 'neath the sky
Tomorrow when I sit upon the graduation platform stand
I know my hand will shake
When I reach out to take that paper with the ribboned band

Now that all the learning's done, oh who knows what may
now begin?
Oh it's so strange. I'm strange inside
The time has grown so short, the world so wide.

Oh! take him gently from the pile

Oh! take him gently from the pile,
And lay him here to rest;
And I will scorch for him the while:
If he must burn, then burn him in my breast,
For there is fire, there is flame enough to set the world on
fire.

I'm armed and declare for a vigorous war; By my bow and
my quiver I swear,
Not a rebel to love will I spare;
This shaft I will draw to the head, and shoot the great
Persian dead.
The tyrant shall die: There's one will deny him;
Let him court her with crowns she shall fly him, there's one
that shall fly him;
This shaft I will draw to the head, and shoot the great
archer, shoot him dead.

Les Amants Trahis

(The Betrayed Lovers)
(Tircis) Echo, how often have I told you of the favours
With which Cupid rewards my lively ardour;
Begin today, begin to speak once again
Of the torments whose rigours I still do not know.
I come to cry on your bosom.
(Damon) Myself, I come here to laugh.

My shepherdess has broken her promise;
For her fickle heart
My passion has no more appeal.
(Tircis) Let us share our regrets and tears
(Damon) We would be mad to shed tears.
(Tircis) Weep, Damon.
(Damon) Laugh, Tircis.
(Duo) open your heart to me.

(Damon) Will you not discard such shameful regrets?
(Tircis) 'Tis Done, I agree, I submit to your wisdom.
Dear friend, you bring peace to my heart once more.
Let us forget Cloris forever,
Let us forget her love, her scorn, her beauty,
Let us forget even my weakness.

(Duo) When a fickle beauty
Breaks the chain of a tender love
Our tears flatter her vanity.
She would laugh at our pain. Let us laugh at her fickleness.

A heart capable of changing
Is worth little regret.
Let us beware and take care
It is in forgetting the coquette
That one must seek revenge.

Quando men vo

(When I go out)
When I go out alone in the street people stop and stare
And they all study me in my beauty from head to foot
And then I savor the subtle longing that comes from their
eyes
They know how to appreciate, beneath obvious charms, all
the hidden beauty
Thus the flow of desire completely surrounds me
It makes me happy!
And you who know, who remember and are melting with
passion-you avoid me so?
I know well: your sufferings- you don't want to tell them,
I know well, but you feel like you are dying!

¿Con qué la lavaré?

(With what then may I bathe)
With what then may I bathe
The bloom upon my beauty?
With what then may I bathe?
Who life has made so twisted?
The wives and mothers wash them
With water fresh from lemons
I'll wash my marks of anguish,
I'll wash my marks of anguish
With tears wrung from my sorrow.

Vos me matasteis

(You have destroyed me)
You have destroyed me
Child of the long tresses
With love you have killed me
On the banks by a river
I saw a virgin
Child of the long tresses
With love you have killed me.

¿De dónde venís, amore?

(From where have you come my Love?)
From where have you come my love
I know full well where you have been
From where have you come my love
I know very well, know full well
Where you have been
From where you have come my lover
I have been a witness
I know where you've come from
I know where you've been to
Ah! From where!

De los álamos vengo, madre

(I have been by the poplars, mother)
I have been by the poplars, mother
I've seen how their branches swayed in the breezes.
By the poplar trees of Sevilla
I have seen my beautiful lover
I have been by the poplars, mother
I've seen how their branches swayed in the breezes
By the poplar trees of Sevilla
Seen my beautiful lover.



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